Moore. I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.
Demet. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to (court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality?
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
Chiron. I so the turne were serued.
Demet. *Aron* thou hast hit it.
Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speede?
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demet. Nor me, so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we persue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home By force if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

To

To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours court is like the house of fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boyes, and take your turnes.
There serue your lust, shadowed from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasurie.
Chiron. Thy counsell lad smells of no cowardise.
Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,
To coole this heat, a charme to calme their fits.
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and hornes.*

Titus. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.
Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.
Titus. Many good morrowes to your maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale,

Satur.

to (14. these fits.) 7 eyes and eares.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[6]) Octavo